

LADY BURDETT-COUTTS IN IRELAND.
Father O'Reilly Describes Her Reception in Skibbereen and Elsewhere.

BELFAST, Oct. 11.—Just as THE SUN of Sept. 28, with my last letter from Ireland, reached me, all Ireland was over the moon with excitement, because of which Lady Burdett-Coutts and Sir George were the heroes of the day. The heartiness and enthusiasm of the popular telegrams were in such contrast with the worse than chilling reception which Earl Spencer met with in the south of Ireland, that people in England, and, we may here, ask themselves if it were not a good policy for the rulers of Ireland to treat these warm-hearted and sensitive people to a few doses of genuine kindness, instead of using so liberally, coercion, repression, and naked purities. This triumphal progress of Lady Burdett-Coutts through the country Cork is not the least instructive of the many lessons which English statesmen may learn from the events which are daily happening in this country.

In Cork itself she was allowed to pass quietly through the city, it being the wish of the people to allow her to obtain a triumph in the locality where her benefactions had been lost and abandoned. The Corkians, however, were very respectful, and the visitors saw much to know that the cork and skibbereen people had given her a warmer heart than elsewhere, but Cork will give the heroes and her husband a warmer greeting on their return. There have been quite recently strong scenes in the Cork Municipal Council, because of the Mayor's unauthorized invitation to the Duke of Edinburgh and his fleet to visit the city, and the Mayor may feel rather indisposed to join in any demonstration for a personage inferior to royalty, though claiming a variety of goodness and beneficence. We shall see.

The real welcome to the Countess began at Bantry, whither Father Davis had come to meet the benefactors of his people. There was a great crowd at the railway station, and hearty and repeated Irish cheers were the music which greeted the travelers. Canon McSwiney, in welcoming them, spoke he said, "not alone as the parish priest of Bantry, but as the representative of a wide district around, among whose people the very mention of the name of Burdett-Coutts was suggestive of unbounded kindness and generosity."

Mr. W. C. Sullivan, a resident magistrate, testified to the same kind words in other words. "Your name," he said, "is household word throughout the mouth of Ireland, and you will be long remembered by future generations."

We hear, feel, sense, and understand sweet music to an aged and kindly heart. The train started amid acclamations.

From Bantry to Skibbereen the population had turned out everywhere to have a passing look at the woman who was to bless the people. At the stations the little girls would climb upon the steps of the railway carriages to wave to her.

God bless you! Every head remained uncovered while the train stopped. The very heads of the women alive with sweethearts and children, who stood with waving hats and handkerchiefs as the train sped on.

In Skibbereen itself the enthusiasm was incomparable. The station was decked with flags; the platform was carpeted. The popular feeling here was like a great river overflowing its banks, and it was impossible to take its depth and intensity. As the embers and shafts of welcome and the thousand expressions of gratitude and benediction were given up, the old man and his wife, trembling and tremulously, thus, Barossa and set his hand were visibly affected. From the station to the sea-side, along the quay, the people of this welcome far more words than words could say. The bridge across the Lee had turned to mud, and the great streams of water dashed over stones of every color. Other arched at short intervals spanned the street through which she passed. Every window was crowded with the old and the young, and every blessing uttered by their neighbors. At the hotel itself a great banner arch arose, with the touching and eloquent inscription:

"BLESSED FOREVER IS SHE WHO RELIED ON ERIN'S HONOR AND ERIN'S PRIDE."

Here the crowd was one compact mass of human beings, who had evidently assembled for a more serious purpose than sight-seeing in the harbor. They had the profound and intense expression of a people who had seen the elemental of emotion, in which one might hear the throb of a great people's heart. Then came the moment of silence, when no sound was to be heard.

These men of Skibbereen had too much to say that came from the inner depths of their being. We tend to the thought and action of our own time, and the sense of a widespread benevolence, which seems uneasy and impatient when not employed in alleviating the woes of others. We have no power to bring Pitt the wolf to justice, or even to offer, and that when the power to do goes abeasts, and hearts should be so rare, how can we help but feel that the world is dead, which dedicated itself to her? But your present kindly sympathy is more than a mere pity. You give a welcome, but you do not give a home to the recipients of your help self-sufficient and independent. Even your own kind heart is not enough to save the world, nor the blessing uttered by their neighbors. At the hotel itself a great banner arch arose, with the touching and eloquent inscription:

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